

A N
E L E G Y

On the Death of
M. De Guiscard,

*Who died in Newgate the 17th of March; which
was found near Tyburn, in a Letter directed
to a Gentleman living in Wolverhampton.*

H A S then the *Villain's* Neck deceiv'd our Hope;
And, slipping thro' the Collar, bilk'd the Rope?
Has *Death* play'd Booty? And, like Him, become
A *Pensioner* of treacherous *France*, and *Rome*?
And must Old *Tyburn* suffer such a hard Case,
Never to see Him mount her *fatal Staircase*,
But be with *Mourning* hung, instead of *Carcass*?
For such a Loss the *Hemp* of *Bridewell* moans,
And every Gallows throughout *England* groans.
Beneath this Weight inferior Prisons bow,
For *Newgate* is a *mournful Widow* now.

Great Britain weeps the Death of such a *Brave*;
Not that He fell; but that the *Wretch* should have
Newgate, a *Mausoleum* for his Grave.
With honest Joy we wish'd that He had fell,
In a false Traytor's *vulgar Road* to *Hell*.
To see him from some *airy Gibbet* tost,
And view the Joys which he had *justly* lost.

To fall in open Field's a common Fate,
And worthy the high Courage of the Great.
But private Rogues deserve not such a Death,
Who by ungenerous Stabs would rob the Breath
Of *Patriots*, whose immortal Ancestors
Of old defeated *France's* strongest Powers.
Mean Souls will dare to stab, a *Coward's* Course,
Heroes in War alone are us'd to Force.

But thou, Oh HARLEY! (while this *Villain's* Name
Shall live to propagate his *Country's* Shame)
By soft Decay shalt in the Stars be seen,
(May it be later than all *Ruffians* mean)
For serving God, thy COUNTRY, and thy QUEEN.